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THE ITALIAN CAFFÈ AND CONVERSAZIONE.

[This paper is by the author of *A Peep into an Italian Interior*, a series of sketches of domestic Italian manners, which appeared in Nos. 485, 498, 508, 514, 516, 521, Second Series, and which derive great value from the peculiar position of the writer. She is a lady of English parentage, and of thoroughly English habits and feelings, moral, social, and literary, but has resided in the heart of Italian society from her earliest years. The present paper, a pendant to *At Home in Italy* in No. 131, New Series, has a special interest at this time, as a reflex of native opinion and feeling on the existing position of the country.]

THE first of these, as seen in every town throughout the Roman States, must not be for a moment identified with the fairylike structures of mirrors, chandeliers, and arcades, that Paris and some of the principal cities of Italy exhibit.

In all the inferior towns I have visited, one description of a caffè may serve to convey a correct idea of the totality. A middle-sized room, opening on the street—in summer, with an awning, benches, and little round tables outside the door; within, similar benches and round tables, a very dirty brick floor, and a dark region at the back, from whence ices, lemonade, *eau sucrée*, coffee, chocolate, fruit, sirups, and occasionally punch—denominated *un ponch*, and cautiously partaken of—are served out. Youths with cadaverous faces and moustaches, in white jackets striped with blue, answering to the appellation of *bottega*, fly about like ministering genii, and from four or five o'clock in the morning till past twelve at night, know repose only as a name.

The caffè likewise comprehends the office of confectioner and pastry-cook, and no cakes or sweetmeats can be procured but what it furnishes; sorry compositions, it must be owned, their predominant flavour being that of tobacco—with which, from being kept on a counter in the general room, amid a thick cloud of smoke from a dozen or so of detestable cigars, they are naturally impregnated. They are inexpensive delicacies, however; for the value of a half-penny, such gigantic puffs of pastry and preserve, such blocks of sponge-cake, garnished with deleterious ornaments, such massive compounds of almonds and white of egg, are obtainable, as would make a school-boy's eyes glisten with delight. Sold at half-price the next day—a farthing, be it remembered—they are purchased by poor people for their children's slight matutinal refection. We could never persuade one of my uncle's servants in Ancona, the father of a family, that a piece of bread would have been a far more wholesome breakfast, for children of five or six years old, than a little weak coffee and one of these stale cakes. He would shake his head, and say it was more *civile* (refined) for the *povere creature* than bread. As for brown bread—*soldiers' bread*, as they contemptuously term it—being reduced to that, is considered the extremity of degradation.

The sweetmeats the caffè fabricates are still more primitive than its cakes, principally consisting of unbleached almonds, coarsely incased in flour and sugar; chocolate in various forms, and candied citron, tastefully ornamented with red tape. Immense quantities of these are prepared at Christmas; part to be disposed of to outdoor customers, and the rest, piled up on large trays, are raffled for among the frequenters of the place, with a zest which shews that, however insignificant the prize or paltry the venture, the delight in all games of chance is still predominant. Besides the caffè, properly so called, with its talkers and loungers and smokers; its players at dominoes and cards; its readers of the few newspapers permitted, so meagre of details, so garbled in their statements, that little information can be gathered from their columns—the premises generally contain a *sala del bigliardo*, and sometimes a private room for the accommodation of such systematic card-players as nightly resort there.

The conversazione, in its outward features, I have elsewhere sufficiently dwelt upon; but its portraiture of domestic life, of fettered thoughts, of quaint opinion, I would fain reproduce for the English reader, who may probably live to see the day when a mighty revolution will uproot all traces of the system of society feebly, though truthfully, mirrored in these pages.

I should, however, be sorry to convey any idea of the ponderous formality of some of the frequenters of the Marchesa Gentilina's circle; or the fatiguing effect which the unvarying ceremoniousness of their demeanour, on entering, produced upon me. Though accustomed to visit the family every night for scores of years, having formed part of the old Marchesa Marziani's *società* while she lived, as regularly as they now did that of her successor, they never presented themselves without the same profound bow, and the same 'Marchesa, I rejoice to see you well! How is the Marchese Alessandro? I met your esteemed father-in-law, the marchese, not long since on his way to the casino. I concluded, from this circumstance, that his cold was better; the violet-tea he was ordered to take last night, doubtless produced a copious perspiration.' Or else: 'I hope the Marchesa Silvia and her children are in good health. I thought her looking rather fatigued when I saw her taking her accustomed airing to-day. Perhaps nursing does not agree with her;' and so on, uniting the most punctilious etiquette with the most detailed minutiæ of everyday-life, such as is now seldom seen except in the heart

of Italy, where intercourse with foreigners is still too rare to have any influence in modifying the old-fashioned tone of conversation.

Then the budget of news would be unfolded, and every murder or highway robbery within the circuit of fifty miles, every accident that has taken place in the town that day, is as circumstantially related as if a reporter from Scotland Yard had been in attendance. Next, there are the maladies of all their invalid acquaintances to be discussed; while any remarkable complaint amongst members of the *mezzo cetto* and shopkeepers, whom of course they all know by sight and name, is also gratefully admitted to the general repository. Add to these the births, present or anticipated, in the high world of Macerata, and, above all, the marriages—an unfailing source of speculation and interest—and a tolerable idea may be formed of the home-department of the Colloquial Gazette, which supplies the place of newspapers and weekly periodicals, &c., to an Italian interior. The foreign intelligence is almost equally well supplied, though not so widely, or, more properly speaking, not so unreservedly communicated. How they contrived to know all they did of what was passing in other countries, considering that the newspapers allowed to be circulated only gave the official report of some events, and pertinaciously ignored others, was always a surprise to me, though fully weighing the stimulus to inquiry of which the government's senseless restrictions were naturally productive.

But this information, as I have remarked, was not common to all, nor dispensed to all equally. The happy possessor of any contraband political novelty could be detected by his air of mysterious importance, his unwonted sententiousness, his impatience till the one or two old *codini*, who had devolved like family heir-looms upon the marchese, had taken their leave; when it would be related, with the accompaniment of many gleeful expressive gestures, how such and such tidings had been received, that must have been like gall and wormwood to the existing powers.

Piedmont, constitutional Piedmont, progressist Piedmont, generally furnished the substance of these discourses. One day it would be whispered that a law was being contemplated in that contumacious little kingdom for the suppression of many among the monastic orders; another, that its clergy were rendered amenable to civil tribunals for offences unconnected with ecclesiastical discipline: or else it would be ecstatically reported that the minister Cavour snapped his fingers at the threatened interdict, and answered the vituperations of the exiled archbishop of Turin by fresh concessions to liberty of conscience. These graver themes were but interludes, however. As if fearful of lingering too long upon them, they used to pass to more trivial subjects with strange versatility, though losing no opportunity of levelling a shaft against their own government, and inveighing at the existing and daily increasing grievances, which not even the respectable codini any longer attempted to defend.

The marchesa's società had not more than four or five unvarying frequenters; but in a small town like Macerata, where most of the ladies received, this was considered quite a brilliant circle. No refreshments of any kind were served or thought of, and no other light was supplied than what the *lucerna* furnished. If the reader, who has followed me through my first day in the bosom of the Marziani family, likes to hear something of its conclusion, he may fancy himself seated on a brocaded chair in that corner—he need not fear being discovered; the lucerna's rays do not penetrate so far—he may put on his cloak if he is cold—there! I have pushed a little square of carpet towards him for his feet, while for the first time he *assists*, to use a foreign idiom, at a genuine Italian conversazione.

'Has the marchesa heard of the strange adventure at the Villa D——, two nights ago?' inquired a young physician, who, uniting some poetical to a considerable share of medical reputation, had the *entrée* to the palazzo, which its mistress was only restrained by the fear of compromising her husband, from throwing open to all the disaffected professional men in Macerata and its environs. 'The house was attacked soon after midnight by a number of banditti, some of them with firearms, of which the people left in charge were of course destitute—our new-year's gift from the Austrian general having been, as you remember, a peremptory refusal to our petition that country-houses in isolated situations might retain one or two fowling-pieces as a defence. Well, the wind was high, so that the unfortunate inmates feared their cries for help, and the ringing of the alarm-bell, would be unlike unheard; while the robbers, finding the coast clear, after having, luckily enough, lost a good deal of time in trying to force open the strongly secured house-door, bethought themselves of *undermining* it. They had almost finished their labours, when the storm beginning to lull, the beleaguered garrison succeeded in attracting attention. A picket of *finanzieri* (custom-house officers) who chanced to be patrolling, on the look-out for smugglers, hastened to their assistance; and the enemy hearing them approach, precipitately dispersed.'

'*Ehi poveri noi!*' sighed the old Marchese Testaferrata, the strongest advocate of retrogradism in the società, 'we are indeed in a bad case! The boasted improvements of this century, its fine liberalism, its socialism, its toleration to heretics, ahem, ahem!—it is all being visited now upon us! I grant you, yes, even I confess, that this military law is a little severe. But if we had not this, ugh! we should have worse. *This* is what the Mazziniani would give us, if they could. *We* can speak of that with some experience, *chi?*' and tapping his heart with his forefinger, to denote stabbing, he then extended it horizontally as an emblem of shooting; after which he drew in his two hollow cheeks, so as to form a still greater cavity, and slowly nodding his head, looked as if he thought quite enough had been said upon so unpleasant a subject.

The young doctor shrugged his shoulders; the marchesa took up the gauntlet.

'If we had not this! *Per Bacco*, you are right, we *should* have worse. If the Austrians go on in this way, who will reap the harvest of the odium they have plentifully sown? Why, the priests, of course, whom they are now supporting with their bayonets and the stick! *They* are safe from popular vengeance. What has an army like theirs to fear? But let their backs be once turned—let the last sail of the fleet which will bear them from our shores have sunk beneath the horizon, and who can estimate the violence with which the torrent, so long forcibly restrained, will break forth? Who can assign any limits to popular fury under provocation such as daily, weekly, yearly, is crying to Heaven for redress? And who will be the sufferers along with the priests? Why, we nobles, of course, whom the people, right or wrong, identify with them, and hate with equal hatred.'

'*Per carità*, marchesa,' interposed a very timorous-looking little man, turning pale, and wiping his forehead, 'let us not speak of such things. Those who have outlived the Reign of Terror of '49, have reasonable grounds for not expecting to see anything so horrible again. Besides, we are all friends here; but still, walls have ears.'

'It cannot be denied, however, that we are in a cruel position,' said a quiet, benevolent-looking man, with a stoop of the shoulders, and a great weakness of sight—the latter an appanage of old descent in many of the noble families in the Marche. 'It is quite true that the people place us in the same category with the

priests, while the priests drain us like a sponge! We shall have soon to choose between the excesses of Mazzinianism or beggary. This additional claim for the land-tax from us poor *possidenti*--coming after the long-standing prohibition to sell our grain for foreign exportation, and the losses consequent upon the low price at which we have been compelled to dispose of it —is really almost too much for mortal patience to endure.'

'*Come, come?* What do you mean?' cried old Testaferrata, one of the largest landed proprietors in the country. 'I pay the bi-monthly tax upon the produce of my estates every two months in anticipation. It is heavy enough already, in all conscience; but I remember an army of occupation cannot be maintained for nothing, and they who necessitated the Austrians being here, are those we have to thank for it. *Ma, ma,* I think we bear our part sufficiently. You surely do not mean to say anything more is expected from us?'

'*Caro mio,*' answered the lady of the house, 'in this extremity, miraculous powers have developed themselves to aid the suffering church. The calendar year, without disturbing the order of nature, will henceforth consist of fourteen months! No *new* measure is in contemplation; tranquillise yourself on this point; simply, we are to pay seven *bimestri*, instead of six as heretofore, to supply the exhausted coffers of the treasury—or, in more straightforward terms, to line the pockets of a certain *eminentissimo* and his amiable relations.'

'Impossible! impossible!' groaned the poor *codino*; 'it is too hard. Surely, some distinction should be made.'

'Without arguing upon differences of opinion,' mildly remarked the good Alessandro, whose office it was to spread oil upon the troubled waters of political discussion, 'I am sorry to assure you, marchese, that what Gentilina tells you is too true. You may always trust to her sources of information.'

'Yes, he is right,' said the marchesa, looking at her husband with a pleased expression. 'Alessandro knows I have never misled him yet in any news of this kind; and you will see that, at the end of this month, although you paid punctually at the beginning of last, you will be again summoned to do so; and then, just as if it was in the proper course of things, your usual *bimestre* will, a few days afterwards, be called for!'

By way of parenthesis, I must state that the correctness of the marchesa's information, in the course of a few days, was fully demonstrated, while this singular arrangement is still continued yearly.

'But this is not the worst,' she continued. 'Our good Conte Muzio there'—indicating the quiet man who had first alluded to the increased taxation—'lamented our losses by this long prohibition upon the exporting corn-trade—a measure rendered indispensable, we were told, by the fears entertained respecting a scarcity after next harvest; so, although commerce languished, and in the seaports thousands of people were thrown out of their usual employment, we did not complain, but acquiesced in its necessity. We sold our grain meantime—at low prices, it is true —but still we sold. There was a silent, yet almost a simultaneous demand for it all over the country. Once or twice, I had my misgivings, and asked who the buyers could be, and what part of the state it was principally intended to supply. "The interior, the interior," was always the answer. There was nothing to say against that. Notwithstanding, I remarked once or twice to Alessandro: "There will be some *diavoleria* here yet." Now my words have come true! The prohibition is removed for a limited period; the ports are open again. At Civita Vecchia it is known to-day, the welcome news will reach Ancona to-morrow morning. For a moment, there will be great joy. The merchants will scour the country to buy grain, but there is nothing left for them. It has all been sold—sold unsuspectingly into the hands of one person, the Cardinal Antonelli's brother. He has it all—a perfect monopoly of the corn-trade. Ha! ha! was it not cleverly done? There will be just time given for it to be all shipped, and then down comes another courier. The ports are once more closed, and the curtain falls upon the brother—or somebody else—chuckling over a few hundred thousand dollars he has realised by this pretty little transaction.'

'I cannot believe that till I have seen it,' said Testaferrata.

'You need not shake your head, marchese; it is as true as that we are all sitting here. As for ourselves, nobody forced us to sell our corn; so, although to a certain degree we have been dupes, I see no particular cause of complaint. But it is the juggling, the pretence of sparing the country's resources, only to drain them tenfold more than by legitimate commerce, which it stirs my bile to contemplate! And if the coming harvest is *not* plentiful, and the price of bread rises in the autumn, what will become of the miserable population, already poor enough?'

The entrance of another personage at this moment gave an opportune turn to the conversation. The new-comer was a handsome, graceful young man about thirty, with an ease and sprightliness of manner that was remarkably opposed to the formality and ceremoniousness of those who had previously appeared. He was hailed with evident pleasure by the whole società; and the marchesa, with an exclamation of joy, gave him her hand to kiss, and inquired what good-fortune had sent her dear Checchino (the diminutive of Francesco) down from Rome.

'I am only here *di passaggio*, dear lady! My duty summons me to Ancona, to await our grand-master, who is expected there next week from Venice; and my affection prompted me to leave Rome a few days earlier than necessary, that I might stop at Macerata with my friends.'

While the marchesa asked half-a-dozen questions in a breath about her Roman acquaintances, Alessandro, who had not yet gone out, told me, *sotto voce*, that this Checchino was a young cousin of theirs, a knight of Malta, whom they were all very fond of.

'A knight of Malta?' I answered, surveying him with increased interest. 'I had fancied the order no longer existed.'

'No more it ought, to say the truth. You should hear Gentilina rave about it,' he said, raising his eyebrows, and emitting a sibilating sound from his lips, to denote the excess of her eloquence; 'and I cannot deny that she has reason. It is *un voto iniquo*, a wicked unnatural vow—an order which, if I were pope, I would abolish the very first hour of my reign. The knights of Malta are rich; they have large revenues: Checchino receives one thousand dollars a year [L.200], and has his apartments rent free in the palace of the order in the Via Condotti in Rome, besides other advantages; so, for a single man, he is amply provided for. Then it is distinction in society; only members of the best families are admitted; and a *cavaliere di Malta* is fit company for kings. But he cannot marry: he is bound by a vow, as irrevocable as that of priests or friars, although exposed to far greater temptations; for he may go to every ball, theatre, or concert in Rome, or wherever he may be, without censure. He dances, he dresses in the height of fashion, he pays court, and yet he cannot marry—anything but that! What will you have? Gentilina has too much justice in all she says!'

Meanwhile the representative of the knights-hospitallers of St John of Jerusalem, and the defenders of Rhodes and of Malta, did not seem at all to regard himself as an object of commiseration, but went on

talking and laughing in the highest spirits, giving a rapid summary of all the recent carnival gossip of Rome, and then asked, in his turn, the news of Macerata in the same gay, careless strain.

'So the Marchese Ridolfi has married his *gobbina* daughter at last, I am told? It was no easy achievement, I should say. Who arranged the affair?'

'As for that, I do not exactly know,' answered the timid old count, brightening up as he entered on a genial topic; for having disposed of his own daughters very advantageously some years before, he assumed an air of superiority whenever the subject was introduced, conscious that he was regarded with a sort of admiring envy by fathers still burdened with the care of settling theirs. 'I do not exactly know,' he repeated, rubbing his hands, 'whether it was some *amico di casa* (family friend) or a matrimonial broker, who arranged the *partito;* but whoever did, it was clumsily done enough! The sposo, a Neapolitan baron, thought the *dote* very fair, and was tolerably satisfied with the portrait they sent him before he signed. Ridolfi, on his part, had no cause to complain of the information he received concerning the young man, his fortune, and so forth; and accordingly, near the end of carnival, he arrived for the celebration of the marriage. Then *corbezzoli!* there is a pretty piece of work! The barone perceives that one of the young lady's shoulders is much higher than the other, a fact the painter had omitted in her portrait—by the by, it was only a medallion that was sent—merely the head, ha! ha!—and says, *tutto schietto*, just in two words, that unless a bag of three thousand additional dollars is produced, to give her form its required equipoise, he will go back to his own country as he came, and annul the contract! You should have seen the way Ridolfi was in. Nothing could bring him to reason for some time, and a lawsuit seemed inevitable. But then I and some others who had not been consulted before, came forward, and we mediated, and we talked. *Baste!* there was a compromise, and the wedding took place the last Tuesday of carnival. I was really glad, for I had it upon my heart to get that poor girl married.'

'I don't deny the sposo had some reason on his side,' said the other Nestor of the group, the Marchese Testaferrata. 'But if Ridolfi had taken my advice, after what we heard of his vagabond dispositions—instead of thinking it a rather fine thing that his future son-in-law had been to Paris, and who knows where—he would have had nothing to say to the match. "*Senti, caro,*" I said to him, "I have lived a few more years than you, and I never yet saw any good from wandering about the world. Let each man stay among his own people, where his fathers lived and died. What did for our parents, is surely good enough for us." But he thought he knew better, *poveretto;* he would not listen to me, so I washed my hands of the business.'

'What was he to do?' returned the other. 'There was the girl to find a husband for, and he was obliged to adapt himself to what he could get. Besides, it is agreed that the sposi are to spend alternately six months with her family here, and six with his in Calabria.'

I could not help mentally pitying the young couple when I heard of this arrangement; but the next moment's reflection served to remind me that a *ménage tête-à-tête* between persons united under such circumstances could present nothing very inviting, and accordingly I withdrew my superfluous sympathy.

'And young Della Porta?' asked Checchino, 'he has got into a lawsuit about something like Ridolfi's affair—has he not?'

'No; not precisely. It appears he employed a regular *sensale* (broker) to negotiate his marriage with a rich heiress of Ancona; and as she was really a capital match, and several other candidates were in the field, he promised him a large percentage—I do not recollect how much—upon the total amount of her fortune, should he succeed in arranging it. Everything went on smoothly, and the marriage took place; but somehow our good friend did not find it convenient to fulfil his agreement. So the broker cites him before the Tribunal, where Della Porta justifies himself by declaring it is through other channels that success was obtained, and that the plaintiff's boasted influence *alone* would have been ineffectual. So they have gone regularly to law, and a fine affair they will make of it. To crown the whole, the father of the sposa is furious, for he finds the broker purposely deceived him about Della Porta's fortune: he is not half so well off as he gave him to understand. Ah well, I can pity him, poor man: I pity all those who have daughters to marry.'

'And I am sure I pity those who have married his daughters!' cried Checchino, as the door closed upon the two old gentlemen, who always went away together at the same hour, to the evident relief of the rest of the company. 'And that old Testaferrata, too, with his still more ultra-codino theories. He ought certainly to have been a Chinese. I remember when his grandson wanted to visit the Great Exhibition of London. *Corpo di Bacco!* he might as well have requested leave to go to the infernal regions.'

'Oh, as for that, I could tell you of scores of young men whose passports were refused them by our most enlightened government for that dangerous expedition.'

'If I was to repeat that in England,' I said, 'I should either be accused of wilful exaggeration, or of being misled by party feeling.'

'The signorina is right!' exclaimed the doctor. 'It is easy to conceive that these miserable puerilities, these minutiæ of despotism, are below the comprehension of a people who have never been denied either freedom of action or of speech.'

'This condition of things cannot last, however,' said the Conte Muzio, who, since the departure of the two codini, had become more animated; the presence of the old conte, so exulting over all those oppressed with matrimonial cares, always sensibly affecting him—so they afterwards told me—burdened as he was with five marriageable nieces, for whose sake he had long laid aside all projects for himself, devoting his little patrimony to augmenting his widowed sister's scanty resources. 'No, no, it cannot last. From what my nephew writes me from Turin, of the steadiness of the ministry amidst the attacks of the two extreme parties—the Retrogrades and Republicans—and their determination to uphold the constitution to the utmost, I augur better times for ourselves. Let it be but consolidated by a few more years, that precious constitution, the only reality left of the dreams and hopes, and alas! the excesses of a period so bright in its dawning, so dark in its close—let this be, and all of us lifting up our drooping heads, looking to Piedmont as our example and regenerator, will yet find those beautiful words "*Italia unita*" are no delusion.'

'Then he is as enthusiastic as ever with his adopted country, your nephew, *ehi?*' inquired Checchino. 'He is quite a Piedmontese.'

'He is Italian, I hope,' said Muzio quietly. 'I look for the day when *that* will be the only designation of all born within the length and breadth of the fairest country in Europe.'

'You are an optimist, *caro*, as well as the king of uncles. I hope we shall see him a general some day. Do you know, signorina,' turning to me, 'that this unparalleled Conte Muzio, to gratify his nephew's martial genius, took him to Turin, and has placed him in the military academy, where—— But who have we here at last? Signora Volunnia, I congratulate myself on seeing you so well. It appeared to me a thousand years till I saw you again!'

Volunnia received her cousin's greeting with great friendliness, reciprocating his compliments on the pleasure of meeting, but assured him her health was far from good, and announced that she purposed taking some cream of tartar the next morning as a *rinfrescante*, and would stay all day in bed. These particulars having elicited great sympathy from the assembled friends, she next playfully tapped the knight of Malta on the lower part of his waistcoat, remarking: 'Ah Checchino mio, comminci a metterti un po' di pancia,' which delicately translated, signifies, 'You are growing rather corpulent;' a proceeding I could not help looking upon as singular, especially after her strictures on English propriety.

Checchino, who evidently piqued himself upon his figure, bore the laugh this sally elicited with tolerably good grace, but revenged himself by telling Volunnia of the marriages of two or three young ladies in Rome, whose mothers, he well knew, had been her contemporaries; and asked with tender interest after her sisters and their children, which last topic always irritated her extremely.

Then, when he thought her sufficiently punished, with the tact that is almost instinctive to an Italian, he brought back the conversation to the Conte Muzio's nephew, on whom the good uncle's hopes and affection were evidently centered.

'So he passed his examinations well on entering? That must have been a great consolation to you, after all the sacrifices you made, and the difficulties you had to overcome beforehand. Ah, it is a fine service, no doubt: the Piedmontese *are* soldiers!'

'My friend,' said Muzio, 'they are also sailors and engineers, and manufacturers and politicians—in a word, they are MEN. I would sooner my nephew had chosen another than the military profession: to some honourable employment I had always destined him; for I resolved at any cost to emancipate him from the life of caffès and theatres, which foreigners say is the sole aim of an Italian's existence, but that, more truly speaking, he is driven to by the peculiarities of his social position; and it would have suited better with our limited fortune had the boy made a different selection. But the bias was too strong: it would have been cruel to resist it.'

'If he had not had you for his uncle,' cried the marchesa, 'he would have turned out a second Paolo Pagano with his toy-soldiers.'

'Who is he?' I asked. 'Is not Pagano the name of the old gentleman who went away with the Marchese Testaferrata?'

'*Per appunto*,' she answered, 'he is his father; but you do not hear so much of poor Paolo, though he is more than thirty years old, as of the blessing of having disposed of all his daughters. He wanted to be a soldier too, but it was not to be thought of; so his military tendencies, denied their natural vent, have displayed themselves in a ludicrous form. For years he has been employed in the construction of thousands of little pasteboard figures, which he paints and equips with the utmost care, according to the uniform of different nations. To place these in line of battle, to repeat manœuvres he sees the Austrians practise while out exercising, to go through the routine of drill, parade, and bivouac, constitutes the occupation and enjoyment of his life.'

'But you should see the order in which he keeps them,' said Checchino: 'the last time I was here, I got a sight of the army, all equipped for the winter campaign. You must know, it is believed, that being perplexed as to the means of providing for so large a body, he once appropriated the ample cloak of his uncle, a canon, and cut it up into wrappings for his soldiers!'

'We laugh at this,' broke out the young doctor, rather fiercely; 'but we have more need to weep at the reflections it calls up on the condition of our country. Even the desire for distinction in arms is not permitted to stir the dull waters of the young noble's existence! With the exception of the Guardia Nobile, the pope's guard, at Rome, limited to a small number of the sons of the old nobility, it is impossible to gratify the yearning for military life so common to young men, unless by following the example of Conte Muzio, and in addition to great personal sacrifice, incur the suspicion and resentment of the government—which there are few ready, like him, to brave. Here, in our States, to be a soldier is synonymous with disgrace! The few miserable regiments which compose the pope's army are mostly recruited from the dregs of the population—galley-slaves, whose term of incarceration has nearly expired, and so forth; so that to say a man is only fit to become a Papalino soldier, is almost the grossest insult that can be passed upon him. No career, except the church, is therefore open to the patrician youth. And yet it is in presence of these abuses, this palsying idleness, that you find men of good faith, like Testaferrata and Pagano, whimpering after the good old times, which means, if possible a greater state of slavery than the present, and anathematising every prospect of reform!'

'*Carissimo dottore*,' said Checchino, taking up his hat, 'one must be just after all. Trees of liberty bearing bullets and poniards, do not tend to enlarge the understanding, or give a taste for another season of such fruits and foliage. We laugh at Testaferrata, and those who think like him; but, upon my conscience, if you or I had been stabbed and shot at in the open daylight, as both he and Pagano were in Ancona in 1849, simply because it was known we did not coincide with the party which had got the uppermost (it was during the pope's absence at Gaeta, and the short-lived republic at Rome, signorina), I don't imagine we should ever entertain very amiable sentiments towards the system whose advocates indulged in such questionable pleasantries.'

'Those were exceptions, not the rule,' cried the marchesa. 'Who can be answerable for the excesses of a faction? It is not fair to bring up the assassinations of Ancona to the signorina.'

'I am just, I am just,' he answered laughing; 'it is but right to shew the reverse of the medal. You were having it all your own way, if I had not put in a word on the other side. You have enough left to make out a very good case, my friends: console yourselves with that. As for me, I do not expect to see better times, whatever our excellent Muzio may say to the contrary; so I do not kill myself with care, and endeavour to make the best of what we have, laugh and amuse myself, and keep out of politics.—*Signori miei*, good-night.'

A NEW KIND OF BABY.

NOT a newly-born infant, but a really new baby, or, to speak as a naturalist, a new *species* of baby. How this strange phenomenon came into my possession, I shall presently relate: I now wish to give the public, and particularly the better-half of it, some account of the baby itself, its appearance and habits. I know not the little innocent's age: it may have been a few days, or a few weeks, or even months old when I first obtained it. The only guide to its age is, that it had not a tooth in its head. Two days afterwards, however, it cut its two lower teeth, and it was exactly a month more before the two corresponding upper teeth began to appear. From these dates, no doubt its age may be speculated on by those learned in such matters; but, as I am a bachelor, and am not a doctor, I have not myself the most remote conception. It must always

be remembered, too, that as this is a new baby, it is not to be supposed that it cuts its teeth at the same time, and in the same manner, as common babies.

For the same reason, its size can be no proof of age—I have a suspicion, however, that it is a baby of the smallest size, being not quite a foot and a half long; but then, as it has very short legs, its body is larger in proportion, and its arms are as much too long as its legs are too short. In colour, it is a dirty brown—something of the colour one may imagine to be produced by a mixture of all the races existing upon the earth, which makes me think it must be a descendant of some very primitive people. Its hands and feet, and mouth and eyes, are, however, much paler, and very much like those of any other baby; but its greatest peculiarity is its long red hair, remarkably long for so young an infant, which has a propensity to stand out on end like that of an electrified doll, making the little creature look always frightened, which I am sure it is not, as it is a sweet-tempered baby, and very seldom cries but when it wants to be cleaned or fed. I hardly know how to describe the personal appearance of the infant prodigy, so as to give a proper idea of its numerous peculiarities, without making it appear less pleasing and pretty than it really is; but the attempt must be made. The general appearance of its head is very much the same as that of other infants, except the red hair, which is certainly a rare phenomenon. Its face, however, is remarkable for a very large mouth and a very small nose, rather more depressed than in the little children of the Earthmen tribe now exhibiting in London. Its arms, as before mentioned, are very large; as are also its fingers, which, however, in other respects, present nothing peculiar. Its little short legs have a strange facility of motion; they are either held aloft in the air, or bent back against the sides of the body, or its toes are put into its mouth for want of something else to suck; but I believe other infants besides this do the same thing. Its feet, however, are most remarkable in having very long toes, and a little thumb to them instead of a great toe. The skin of its neck, breast, and stomach is quite smooth; but, strange to say, all its back and the outside of its arms and legs are covered with long soft red hair. 'Why,' exclaims the reader, 'the creature must be a monkey!' But I beg leave entirely to repudiate the suggestion. The baby in question has no sign of a tail; and if you could see its expressive countenance while slowly eating its soft rice, you would scorn the insinuation as much as I do.

Another peculiarity which this interesting infant possesses, is an appearance of extreme old age. To look at it, you can hardly believe that it is only just cutting its teeth, and is quite incapable of going alone, or of eating anything but what is put into its mouth by other people. The little wrinkles about its mouth and eyes give it an air of precocious wisdom, and the workings of its countenance express so many feelings and passions, as seem quite incompatible with a state of helpless infancy. Still more extraordinary in its possession alike of strength and weakness to an unparalleled degree. It cannot turn itself over on the ground; it is incapable of moving an inch; and yet the most active sailor could not hold on to a rope with so much tenacity, and for so long a time. It will sometimes hang so for an hour together, and seem quite contented; and I generally give it some exercise of this sort once a day to keep it in health. Its little, long fingers are bent at the ends, and even its nails turn inwards, as if formed expressly for hanging on to something, which it is always wanting to do. It sleeps with its hands tight clutched, or sometimes grasping its own hair. There is nothing, in fact, it likes to catch hold of so much as hair. It has a very passion for hair; and if, while feeding it, I inadvertently approach too close, it seizes the opportunity, grasps hold of my whiskers as if it would tear them out by the roots; and when, after some difficulty, and many twinges, I have made my escape, it generally sets up a scream, which can only be stopped by immediately administering a mouthful of rice.

Another thing that would lead one to think it must have come of decent parents, is its love of being clean. If I hear a scream at any time other than eating-time, I am sure the poor creature is dirty, and wants to be washed. And how it enjoys its washing, and being rubbed dry, and having its hair brushed! It never screams or kicks, as do many naughty children under the wholesome operation, but lies perfectly still, however long it may take, and seems rather sorry when it is over.

In my bachelor establishment, I was, of course, put to some shifts to provide for such an unexpected visitor. I contrived a pap-bottle with a wide-mouthed phial, till I found the baby would eat out of a spoon. A small box did duty for a cradle; but as I was obliged to be out a good deal in the day, and the nights were rather chilly, I purchased a little monkey, to be a companion to my abnormal infant, and to keep it warm at night. It might not have been quite proper, but necessity has no law, and I am glad to say the baby was much pleased with little Jacko, and they became excellent friends. The baby, however, was a little exacting, and would try to keep Jacko always with it, seizing hold of his hair and grasping his tail; and when all was of no avail, and the monkey, by desperate efforts, succeeded in escaping, screaming violently with rage. Still, however, they got on very well together; and after the baby had been fed, Jacko would always come and sit upon its stomach, and pick off any little bits of rice that were left about its mouth, or even put in his hand and pull out whatever baby had not quite swallowed.

But, alas! milk was not to be procured, and a diet of rice and water was not sufficiently nourishing for so small an infant. It pined away, and suffered from a complication of diseases—from diarrhœa or dropsy. I once gave it a little castor-oil, after which it recovered for a time; but a relapse again occurred, and, after lingering some weeks, death terminated its sufferings.

I had indulged hopes of sending this infant prodigy to England, where it might have rivalled in popularity the ape-like Aztecs, and the public would have been enabled to judge of the accuracy of my statements. Such hopes, however, being now entirely frustrated, and it being highly probable that neither I nor any one else will ever look upon its like again, I shall simply narrate the circumstances of its discovery, and leave every one to form his own opinion.

I was walking in search of game in one of those vast primeval forests which clothe so large a portion of the tropics; no human habitation or sign of culture was near; parasitical plants swarmed upon the trees, and twisted climbers hung in festoons from their loftiest branches, or, trailing on the ground, helped, with prickly canes, to form impenetrable barriers. All was sombre and silent. No birds fluttered on the branches, and but rarely an insect's wing glittered in a stray gleam of sunshine. Suddenly I heard a rustling in the topmost branches of a lofty tree. I gazed upward, and for some time could not discover its cause; but after moving right and left, so as to see in succession every part of the tree, I discovered a large red animal walking along a branch, in a semi-erect posture. Without losing a moment, I fired a ball, which apparently only served to make the creature move more rapidly. It passed along till the branch became so slender as to bend beneath its weight, when its long arms enabled it to seize the adjacent bough of another tree. This with great strength it pulled towards it, till it had hold of a portion sufficiently thick to bear its weight, when it swung itself across with surprising

agility, and continued its journey to the opposite branches, where it succeeded in passing on to a third tree in the same manner. I now fired again, and with decisive effect, for in a sudden attempt to escape more rapidly, it lost its hold, and fell with a crash to the earth. I of course imagined that it was dead; but what was my surprise, before I could reach it, to see it rise from the ground, and grasping with its large hands a small tree close to it, begin to ascend again with great rapidity. It had reached a considerable height before I could fire again, when it again fell to the ground, this time mortally wounded, and soon breathed its last. It was then that I discovered, close to where it had first fallen, the singular infant whose eventful history I have here recorded, lying half buried in a sand-hole, to which my attention was drawn by a half-stifled little scream. Some water being near, I washed the mud out of its mouth and eyes, and discovered a marvellously baby-like and innocent-looking little creature, apparently quite unhurt by its fall, and which clung to me with a most amazing tenacity. I had killed the mother, so I determined, if possible, to save her offspring; with what success has been already seen.

Some natives of the country brought the dead body to the place where I was living. It was three feet six inches high, and its outstretched arms were six feet across. The natives called it a 'mias,' but the Malays say it is an 'orang-outang,' which means 'man of the forest.'

STUDY OF WORDS—HISTORY IN NAMES.

We feel very much indebted to Mr Trench for his works, *Study of Words*, and *English Past and Present.* It is not so much on account of the new matter those books place before us, as the freshness and interest they impart to facts previously, if not generally known. Mr Trench has popularised Horne Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, and expanded hints and thoughts supplied by Richardson's dictionary. In doing this, he has conferred a great obligation on the student of the English language. He possesses, in a high degree, the ability to seize on and work out or expand suggestions or undeveloped thoughts. The power is one of no secondary order, nor is it widely diffused. It was the power which gave renown to Bishop Butler, Paley, Chalmers, Whately; and if we go back chronologically, and pass without the bound of theological writers, we shall find that to it, in great measure, Shakspeare and Milton owe their fame. No greater praise could be bestowed on any one, than to associate him with such unforgetable worthies.

There is one charge, however, to which Mr Trench has laid himself open, especially in the *Study of Words:* we think he has not sufficiently acknowledged his obligations to others. He has drawn largely on Richardson's dictionary, yet only in one sentence does he allude, and then in a rather off-hand manner, to this invaluable work. Since reading the *Study of Words*, we have had repeated occasions to consult the *Diversions of Purley*, and scarcely ever have we done so, without coming across some hint which may have served as the groundwork of Mr Trench's pleasant and instructive elaborations. Every one who has read the *Study of Words* will remember the explanation of the variety of senses in which the word *post* is used. If the reader would turn to the same word in Richardson's dictionary, or *Diversions of Purley*, octavo edition, second volume, page 28, he will see whence Mr Trench has taken his ideas. *Tribulation*, as used in the New Testament, is another word which will be very expressive to the reader of the *Study of Words*. Horne Tooke, after his usual manner, has supplied the formula which Mr Trench has so beautifully worked out.

After all, we accept Mr Trench's books very thankfully; inasmuch as they help us in obtaining a knowledge of the history, and of the vast rich store of thought treasured up in the English language. They have reminded the student of a large field of study; they have enabled us to employ profitably many a half-hour, and have led us to authors whom we had overlooked or neglected. The result of some of these half-hours we wish now to present to the reader. It will be apparent, as we proceed, that we have not derived any direct assistance from Mr Trench; he started us on the search, others have supplied the material. We have drawn principally upon Camden, Horne Tooke, and Sir F. Palgrave's *History of the Anglo-Saxons.*

Now, we will suppose some one unacquainted with the history of England, to visit it in the age when London will be in ruins, and St Paul's a skeleton of its former self. In passing through the land, our traveller would frequently meet with the débris of what must have been important places. He betakes himself, for information respecting these ruins, to the rebarbarised inhabitants, and is told that a town called *Doncaster* stood here, and another named *Cirencester* stood there. This man has some knowledge of Latin, is somewhat inquisitive, and fond of etymological studies. He repeats the names of the places to himself as if they were familiar, but fails to recall the associations. At last he finds a Latin element in the words; this solves the difficulty; it explains the dim impression as to previous acquaintance, and gives him the first lesson in the history of the country. He guesses that the hardy, undaunted Roman legions must have been here, fighting battles, committing havoc, and gaining honours. He is on the right track, and, with a little perseverance, will make other equally interesting and instructive etymological and historical discoveries.

Or if you rebel against the idea of our fine towns and large towns becoming heaps of ruins, and our descendants sinking into barbarism, we will suggest something more probable. A student of history wants to know where the different invaders settled in Britain, and to what extent they possessed themselves of the land. For want of better means of informing himself, he has recourse to the map of England. As he knows the derivation of the names of our towns and cities, he passes on from place to place, marking the route taken by each band of invaders, and the extent to which they made themselves masters of the soil. Although our fancied student-friend cannot attain to certainty, a high degree of probability would mark such a course, if carefully pursued. The number of villages or towns in a district would, according to the names of the places, be a pretty good indication of the numerical strength of Romans, Saxons, or Danes. Widely spread remains would imply early or lengthened possession. A few illustrations will shew what is meant. There are a great many towns and cities having *caster*, *cester*, or *chester*, as part of their names. The word refers us to Latin *castra* = camp. The remains of Roman military stations are found in or near such towns and cities. This points out conquest and military rule.

We find *coln*, as in Lin*coln* = Latin *colonia.* This word marks a subsequent period, when Roman privileges and policy were being introduced into the country. Two other words of this, and what we shall call *secondary* period, are found in a few instances among our names of villages. *Street* = Latin *stratum* = a place or road marked out and laid down. We all know that those old Romans had a wonderfully practical nature, and that they were almost passionately fond of constructing roads. Let any one take up a *plan* of ancient Rome, and he will see *Via Flaminia, Via Campania, Via Sacra, Via Appia*, and heaps of other *viæ*. If, now, he looks at a map of Britain during the Roman period, he will see exactly the same thing, with only a change of name, for now,

instead of *via*, we have *stratum*. The word is still extant in *Watling Street Road*, which runs through the midland counties, and in the names of villages built on these roads. There is one between Bath and Wells. The second word to which we alluded is *foss* = *fossa* = a ditch or trench. This is nearly obsolete, lingering only in a few small secluded villages. These three words, *coln*, *strata*, *fossa*, plainly indicate that the conquest of the inhabitants had been effected, and that the Roman power was establishing and consolidating itself in the country.

If we look again over the map of England, we shall find a Latin element in the names of other places. Here are five: *Westminster*, *Leominster*, *Bishopwearmouth*, *Bishop's Stortford*, *Abbotsbury*. These words have an ecclesiastical character, and a later origin than those previously noticed. The names of these places carry us back to the time when Augustine and the band of noble companions who followed him, risked their lives and sacrificed their ease in order that they might teach our barbarous forefathers the elements of Christianity. This was the *third* and last Roman period in the history of English, so far as the names of places are concerned. Our language received many additions from the Latin after Rome military and Rome ecclesiastic had ceased to affect our country geographically. One thing is well worth notice in connection with the ecclesiastical period. *Abbeys* and *monasteries* were established in abundance during the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and thirteenth centuries; after that time, not one was founded. Was this because the priests thought their places of fraternal abode sufficiently numerous? We guess not. The explanation is to be sought in the political history of the times. Religious houses ceased to be built when the sturdy old English barons began to struggle for their political privileges. However beneficial these houses were in dispensing charity and instruction to the needy and ignorant—however useful in affording rest and shelter to travellers, they were often sources of oppression, and abettors of royal usurpation.

The end of the Roman power in England brings us to another set of names, which have great interest in a historical and constitutional point of view. Very many of our towns and cities have the termination *burgh*, *bury*, or *borough*. What does it signify? Whence is it? At what time was it introduced? On the first question, authorities differ. Horne Tooke says that 'a *burgh* or *borough* formerly meant a fortified town.' Spenser finds in it another meaning: 'A borough, as I here use it, and as the old lawes still use it, is not a borough town, as they now call it—that is, a franchised town—but a main pledge of 100 free persons, therefore called a free borough, or, as you say, *Franci-plegium;* for borough in old Saxon signifieth a pledge or surety, and yet it is so used with us in some speeches, as Chaucer saith: "St John to Borrow;" that is, for assurance and warranty.' Horne Tooke makes out a strong case in favour of his interpretation, and he is borne out by many other writers.

To the second question, Whence is it? we can furnish an interesting and decisive reply, taken from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. iii. p. 486: 'Bourgignons or Burgundians, one of the nations who overran the Roman Empire, and settled in Gaul. They were of great stature, and very warlike, for which reason the Emperor Valentinian the Great engaged them against the Germans. They lived in tents, which were close to each other, that they might the more readily unite in arms on any unforeseen attack. These conjunctions of tents they called *burghs*, and they were to them what towns are to us,' &c. This account of the origin of the name *borough* corroborates the definition given of it by Tooke. In its first application to English towns, facts similar to those detailed in the above extract are brought out.

The third question is not so easily answered; but a pretty correct notion may be obtained by using the data at hand. First, we find that we are indebted to the Anglo-Saxons for the germ of the greater number of our political institutions. The system of representative government was known and practised among them; they divided the country into parts, for the more easy conduct of local government. Hence we have *shire*, from *shear*, to cut, then applied to the part marked or cut off from the surrounding country; and *hundred* as a lesser division, arising from arranging the inhabitants in responsible bodies each of a hundred. With this rude and undeveloped system of representative government, we find *boroughs*, in the course of time, become more intimately connected. When the first English parliament was summoned in 1265, the writs directed the 'sheriffs to elect and return two knights for each county, two citizens for each city, and two burgesses for each *burgh*.' If we refer to the passage quoted from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, we find that the Bourgignons or Burgundians settled in Germany, and the probability, almost certainty, is, that these soldiers of Valentinian introduced and established the use of the word *burgh* among the Germans; they, again, brought it to England, where it has continued, expanded and improved from its original signification. At first, it only meant a collection of dwellings; now it reminds us, not so much of arranged piles of brick and mortar, as of the political power possessed and wielded by those who inhabit the *burgh*. Again, it is pretty well known that nearly all our towns and villages have existed ever since the Saxon times. If we exclude the names of about thirty towns and cities which are of Roman origin, the remainder, with few exceptions, will pass over to the Saxon period, and among these, all *burghs*, *boroughs*, and *burys*. In looking over a map of England of the Saxon time, we see *Edwin'sburgh* = Edinburgh; *Cant-wara-burgh* = Canterbury; *Glaestyngabyrig* = Glastonbury. These facts put together, furnish pretty conclusive proof that the word is to be traced to the Saxons.

We have said that, with few exceptions, our towns and cities took their rise in the times of the Saxons. Their names prove this. Suppose we take a few, and note their origin and meaning; it will serve to shew us how thoroughly Britain was possessed and influenced by these German invaders. It may enable us to see a meaning and beauty in words with which we have been long familiar, but of whose expressiveness we have never thought. Birming*ham*, Oak*ham*, Chippen*ham*, and other towns, have the same terminating syllable, derived from Anglo-Saxon *haem*, which means *home*—that of which Englishmen are so fond and proud.

The free, fair homes of England!
  Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
  To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
  And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
  Its country and its God.

The frequency of this syllable in names brings out one of our best national traits—our love of home; and shews, too, that the towns and villages of our forefathers were looked upon as possessing the collected happiness of many homes.

There is another class of names having the syllable *ham* as a prefix, or in the middle of the word, as Hampstead, Berkhamstead, &c. Here we meet with another termination of Anglo-Saxon derivation; in these names we meet with another Saxon word—*stead*. It means a place of standing. Hampstead will then be the *place where home stands*, or the *standing-place of home*. The word is met with in other connections, where its meaning would be seen more

readily, as *farmstead, roadstead, bedstead.** Every one will see that in these names the meanings are, the place where a farm stands, place for standing in a road, that on which a bed stands. Immediately related in signification to *stead* is *stow*. Hence we get Nether Stowey in Somerset, Chepstow, Market Stow in Suffolk, and Stow on the Wold, in which name the meaning stands out so distinctly as to force itself upon our attention.† The word *stow* has been dropped or abbreviated in the names of some of our towns; but in no instance has an improvement been made. Bristol was once *Brightstow*, or *bright place*. This was a much prettier name—disregarding the truth of it—than the meaningless word which is now the cognomen of the capital of the west of England. Another instance of abbreviation, or rather alteration without improvement, occurs in the name of the city of Bath. In Anglo-Saxon times it was *Ake mannes Castre*, literally, the city of *aching men*. *Bath* points out the city's characteristic; but there is something far more expressive in the old Anglo-Saxon name. The modern name may be most genteel and fashionable, but it only tells part of the truth, while the old one gives us the whole with unmistakable distinctness. It is well for us to look for and retain these Anglo-Saxon names, to keep them in our minds parallel with those of recent date; we shall thus have at hand an important auxiliary in unfolding local, and indeed, oftentimes, national history. If we do not attend to this, much of the beauty and significance of our language, as well as history, will be lost to us. Take, as an illustration, the small seaport town *Bamborough* in Northumberland. We should be apt to pass over the modern name without inquiry; nor would inquiry enlighten us, unless we went back to the sixth century, and resuscitated the old name, which has a striking historical incident to relate. The following extract is from Sir F. Palgrave's interesting little book, *History of the Anglo-Saxons:* 'The British kingdoms of Defyr and Bryneich—Latinised into Deira and Bernicia—extending from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, were divided from each other by a forest, occupying a tract between the Tyne and Tees; and which, unreclaimed by man, was abandoned to wild deer. Properly speaking, this border-land does not seem originally to have belonged to either kingdom; but, in subsequent times, the boundary between Deira and Bernicia was usually fixed at the Tyne. The transhumbrane countries were exposed at an early period to the attacks of the Jutes and Saxons. Some chroniclers say that Octa and Ebusa, sons of Hengist, conquered a portion of the country. At the onset, the invaders made little progress. The Britons of the neighbouring Reged and Strath-Clyde, governed by valiant princes, the descendants of the Roman Maximus, appeared to have possessed more unity than their brethren in the south; and their efforts supported the population of Deira and Bernicia in resisting their enemies. The scale was evenly poised until the English Ida landed at the promontory called Flamborough-Head, with forty vessels, all manned with chosen warriors. Urien, the hero of the bards, opposed a strenuous resistance, but the Angles had strengthened themselves on the coast. Fresh reinforcements poured in; and Ida, the "Bearer of Flame," as he was termed by the Britons, became master and sovereign of the land which he had assailed. Ida erected a tower or fortress, which was at once his castle and palace; and so deeply were the Britons humiliated by this token of his power, that they gave the name of *Shame of Bernicia* to the structure which he had raised. Ida afterwards bestowed this building upon his queen Bebba, from whom it was, or rather is denominated *Bebban Burgh*, the burgh or fortress of Bebba, commonly abbreviated into Bamborough. The massy keep yet stands; and the voyager, following the course of the Abbess of St Hilda, may yet see

> King Ida's castle, huge and square,
> From its tall rock look grimly down,
> And on the swelling ocean frown.'

We are just now reminded of another name, *Canterbury*, in which, through abbreviation, the meaning and beauty of the name is lost. Formerly, it was *Cant-wara-burgh*, or the *borough of the Kent people*. From this, we find that the seat of our archbishopric held, as now, an important and distinct place among its neighbouring towns. There is one feature more worth noticing here. It is somewhat remarkable that *Kent* and *Canterbury* should have retained their Celtic names, despite all the invaders who ravaged the country round so frequently. It is not surprising to meet with Celtic names in the inland and remote parts of the island, where neither Roman, Saxon, nor Dane intruded; but it would hardly be expected to find Celtic names on the coast, where invaders so frequently landed, and where their camps were almost continually standing.

The Celtic names are now almost exclusively confined to Wales. Amongst the few lingering in England are those of places beginning with *Nant*, as in *Nantwich*. A map of England under Ella, the first Bretwalda of the Saxon race, is studded with places called *Caer* = city —as, *Caer-Legion* = Chester, still denominated *Caerleon* by the Welsh; *Caer-Badon* = Bath; *Caer-Glou* = Gloucester; *Caer-Ebrauc* = *Eboracum* of the Romans, our York; and *Caer-Lundene*, which a Cockney would hardly recognise as the metropolis of the world. The *Caer* part of these names being of Celtic origin, is now common in Wales, as it was ages back in Britain: there is Caerleon or Wysk = Caerleon in Monmouthshire (the *Isca Silurium* of the Romans), Caerphilly, and Caermarthen. Camden says that the prefix *Car*, in the English name Carlisle, comes from the same root.

Wara, in the old name *Cant-wara-burgh*, reminds us of the prefix and affix *War*, as in *War*minster, *War*wick, and Wick*war*. Latham says, in a note to the *Handbook of English Language:* 'The compounds of the Anglo-Saxon word *ware* = occupants, *inhabitants*, are too numerous to leave any doubt as to this and several other derivations. *Cant-ware* = *Cant-icolae* = people of Kent; *Hwic-ware* = *Hwiccas* = the people of parts of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and, to judge from the name, Warwickshire also.' The *wick* part of this last word is much more common in the midland and north counties than it is in the west of England. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wiccan*, and, like the Latin *vicus*, means a row of houses, a village, or collection of dwellings.

In looking over a map of England, one cannot help remarking that some terminations are peculiar to certain districts. In Devonshire, we find many places with *leigh* as the last syllable of their name—Chud*leigh*, Chum*leigh*, Sater*leigh*: again, in the north of England, the termination *by* is met with frequently—Der*by*, Whit*by*, which were in the times of the Saxons denominated Northweortheg and Streoneshalch. The explanation is to be sought, in the first case, in the physical features of the surrounding neighbourhood, affording as it does rich pasturage. *Leigh* or *ley* is from the Anglo-Saxon *leag*, and signifies a field or pasture. In the second case, *by* or *bye* is of Danish origin, and signifies a town. The Saxon names *Northweortheg* and *Streoneshalch* were changed by the Danes into *Deorby* and *Hvitby*, *Whitby*, or *White town*.

Here the student would find great assistance in attempting to discover the exact extent of country held by the many bands of invaders who occupied

* In Scotland, the farm-buildings are usually called *the steading*.—Ed.

† There is a village called *The Stow*, in Scotland. In Norway, *stue* is a frequent component in names of places.—Ed.

Britain. Nowhere but in the territory called the *Danelegh* do we find towns whose names have *by* as the terminating syllable. The study of physical as well as historical geography may be very much facilitated by an acquaintance with the names of towns and tracts of country. *Clifton* would point out a town on a *cliff;* and this answers to the fact as respects the new and beautiful town which has sprung up in the immediate neighbourhood of Bristol. *Cotswold* gives us, in one word, the physical features, as well as staple produce, of a large tract of table-land in Gloucestershire. *Cot* or *cote* is something which covers, shelters, or protects; hence it is applied to the enclosure in which sheep are kept—*sheep cote* or *cot.* This meaning will be seen in the following quotation from *Paradise Lost:*

> As when a prowling wolf
> Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,
> Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
> In *hurdled cotes* amidst the field secure,
> Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold.

Then *wold* is a plain or down, a hilly tract of country void of wood. Now, any one journeying from Northleach to Cirencester, or from Burford to Northleach, would recognise in the numerous pens or *cotes* of sheep, and the high and almost *woodless* table-land, the appropriateness of the name *Cotswold.*

In studying the names of towns, we must exercise great care that we be not misled as to the meaning by similarity of sound or orthography. In all cases, the root of the word must be found; and in compound names, the elements of which the name is composed must be distinctly marked off, and traced to their origin. A few instances will serve to shew the importance of these remarks. We have found that the syllable *ham* means *home; holm* or *holme* is much more like *home* in appearance and sound; but we should be very wide of the mark if we supposed that *holm* or *holme* and *home* were synonymous. Holm and holme indicate a river-island; hence there are the *steep* and *flat holms* in the Severn, below Bristol.

Holt and *hurst*, or *hyrst*, are not at all alike, so far as the spelling goes, but they have exactly the same meaning—a grove or wood.

Mouth (Yar*mouth*, Teign*mouth*) and *lade* (Lech*lade*, Crick*lade*) are very unlike to the eye and ear, but identical in import: *lade* is the mouth of a stream or river.

Space reminds us that we must stop. We have passed over many things of which we had made note, and yet our paper has been extended much further than we intended. The attempt to explain and illustrate these names will, we trust, induce some one else who has more and favourable opportunity than the present writer for investigating them, to give the readers of the *Journal* the results of his inquiries and thoughts thereon.

MISS KIMBO'S DIARY.

If the anonymous author has his privileges—his imperviousness to insult, his exemption from horsewhipping, his possible credit for all that is wise and brilliant—he has his disadvantages also: mingling in the great world-crowd, from which his villains and his heroes, his tyrants and his martyrs, are alike selected, he cannot, nameless though he be, go altogether unsuspected. The swell-mobsman of society is on the alert, and has an uneasy consciousness that every literary detective is after *him.* General Satire appears to him but Private Lampoon: whenever he sees one of his wicked comrades circulating in black and white, 'regardless of grammar, he cries out: "That's me;"' and not only this, for if he knows so much as one of our moral police force personally, he attributes at once his own capture and gibbeting to that person. I should be afraid to say how often I myself have been remonstrated with—in a pastoral, pleasant sort of way—by the bishop of this diocese, on occasions of any public exhibitions of the clergy in the newspapers—with which I have had no more to do than he—only because he is aware that I sometimes snatch an hour from my graver studies to chastise wickedness in high places. The prime-minister, also, than whom I know no one more agreeable and sparkling over his claret, shakes his finger at me playfully when the *Times* hits him, as though *I* only knew how to castigate folly; and the Duke of C——, whose position and connections prevent my speaking of him more particularly, is for ever writing to me with respect to army mismanagement: 'Of course, my dear fellow, it's all true, but tailor-colonels came in with the Fall itself, and a nob is a nob: so don't be so bitter against us.' Thus, too—to descend a little—as the letters of furnished lodgings have been for some time held up to reprobation—and, as I must confess, with justice—in all sorts of journals, my landlady, Mrs Kimbo, is of opinion that each and every attack has had herself for its object, and has been written by me, her lodger. She reminds me a good deal of the government of this country and our official world in this—that she is remarkably pervious to public opinion, without being in the least degree subject to improvement; indignant to excess at censure, but very far from being resolved not to deserve it.

It was not many weeks since I was engaged as usual in my own furnished apartment—which is not an Englishman's castle, or anything like it—upon my great work which is about to supersede the *Organum*, when Mrs Kimbo flounced—nay, furbelowed—into the room without knocking, and holding a popular periodical, which shall be nameless, between her finger and thumb, as though it were a venomous reptile, gave utterance to these remarkable words:

'Yes, sir, if you please, sir, and begging your pardon, it's me. No, I ain't angry, although tremblin, which it is to be expected, worked up as I have been, and having let lodgings—yes, lodgings, and why not?—and ain't you ashamed of yourself, you wicked scribbler, this twenty years? By which means nobody ever put me into print before, and I am come here, and don't go away without it, for an apologue. A poor lone woman to be held up, and none of it true, and forty persons in the same row, or fifty, doing the same, or worse, to first floor and to second floor every day of their lives and night. Now, don't go for to deny it, sir; for let us be truthful, and fear nothing, says I to Jane but yesterday morning, when she broke the winder, and laid it on my umbrella falling down of its own head, which it never done; for write it you did, in this blessed perryodical, as I'm a sinful woman.'

'My dear Mrs Kimbo,' said I, 'so far as I can see, your name, even supposing I wrote it, is never hinted at. I have had great experience in lodging-houses and landladies, and never intended the least allusion, believe me, to yourself and Honeysuckle Cottage. You are everything that is sufficient to me here—more, positively more, than I desire.'

'And may you be forgiven, sir; but I know better, and cannot be persuaded otherwise. The meat that was overcharged, and the beer, and the cat getting at the dinner involuntary, and my eldest daughter too—it is as like as it can stare; and never did I do those things, nor one of them, if I was to be stretched upon my dying bed this minit; and I am come here for a printed apologue, and I don't go away without it.'

'My dear Mrs Kimbo, I will make the amplest amends within my power. If there is any balm in an advertisement—if you would derive comfort from a copy of touching verses—if my name appended in full to any statement of yours whatever (not involving a

promise to pay money) can afford you satisfaction, it shall be done.'

'Very sweet and very soft spoken you can be, sir, when you please, and there is none to deny it; but an apologue I'll have, or a reflirtation, or to law will I go, as sure as I speak my mind upon this sofa here present, and every word is truth.'

'Well, my dear madam, I will write a refutation with pleasure. Let us be friends. If you have got anything to say upon the other side, as a landlady, and against lodgers, it shall be printed.'

'Have I got anything to say, O Jerryusalem! have I, or have I not, my daughter dear? She kep a dairy many and many a year, and help me, sir, to squeedge it out of my pocket, which stuck it is and torn, but gospel truth and pleasant reading too, all quite unbeknown to her; but read it, read it, do, for reflirtation's sake, and then say am I bone and skin, and she a thread, for first floor and for dining-room this twenty years, or am I not?'

The authoress of the manuscript, of which I thus became possessed, is a virgin of some five-and-forty years of age; her complexion is fairer than that of the lily, with the exception of the extreme finish of her nose, which has more the hue of the blush-carnation. I am not, however, about to pursue the 'Annie Laurie' description further; it is not so much upon any of her features that my eye has been accustomed to linger, as upon her golden hair, which appears to be capable of all the stages and mutations of the precious metal itself. In the morning it is mingled with white, whity-brown and whity-black substances resembling quartz; and, as I perceive from a huge and unalloyed nugget at the back, the colour of the locks themselves is comparatively dull. Towards the afternoon these foreign textures are removed, the tresses are beaten out smooth and shining, and the nugget resembles a small golden haystack, or a pippin of inestimable value, from the top of a bedpost. In the evening, Miss Martha's head is little inferior in glory to the setting sun: there is a golden circlet upon her brow, and another of scarcely secondary lustre around the nugget; and there are two loops of the same gorgeous character which surround her ears, and give them the appearance of curiosities in precious frames. After this mutation, she attends upon us no more, but passes her leisure in the boudoir, sitting alone, like Mr Tennyson's mermaid, with a crown of gold on a throne. This boudoir is a small and somewhat dingy apartment, adorned with a picture of some dashing person in the Cape Mounted Rifles, and with a couple of peacock's feathers upon the mantel-piece, and is used by Mrs Kimbo—I am given to understand—as an oratory.

'When people get to a certain time of life, sir,' that lady once observed to me in confidence, 'they demand some quiet place to retire into from the bustle of daily life;' and it is there also that she concocts the weekly bills. Her daughter, as I have said, uses it principally for purposes of state and ceremony, and in particular she has here been accustomed to compile her diary. I find from the perusal of this voluminous work, that thirty-four males, forty-six females, twenty-one children of both sexes, seven dogs, two parrots, a monkey, three white mice, and a hedgehog, have been accommodated at various times with board and lodging at Honeysuckle Cottage; but the individual biography of these, in full, it is not my intention to give. Miss Martha, however, has gone into the minutest detail in describing the peculiarities of each, and has used besides a sort of cipher, a series of mystic symbols intended to be private and confidential, of which it has caused me much labour and severe analysis—to the great detriment of the *Organum*—to discover the meaning. Thus, a cross (+) betokens troublesome or exacting; a straight horizontal line (—) signifies near or stingy; a note of admiration (!) denotes negligence in inquiry after missing things, or inattention to money-matters; and a round *o* indicates madness.

This is one of the very earliest of Miss Martha's entries:

'*June* 7, 1835.—A fashionably-dressed young gentleman, not much over seventeen or eighteen, arrived from Bristol, and took our first floor. He is come, he says, to see the scenery, to sketch, to paint, to court the muse among our beech-woods and on our breezy downs. He is, he states, a child of nature, and his other parents are Indian people, who do not sympathise with him. Money is no object; name is Bundlecum [plenty of good linen in portmanteau; evening costume, polished boots, cheroot-case, dressing-case, handbook of Devonshire, and brandy flask]; spends much of his time at "the Dog and Duck;" comes home late at night, and writes for hours poetry; often weeps; approves of goose, currant-pie, curry, and beer; confided to me that he had for the first time found sympathisers in self and mother; comes in very late, singing the following snatches, and so often, that I do believe I shall never get them out of my head:—"We can't eat any more—we can't eat any more—we can't eat any mōär, but we'll have some more to drink." And again: "We won't go home till morning—we won't go home till morning—we won't go home till mōärning, and perhaps not even then." Unwell the next day, and lay in bed eating buttered toast; looked over the bill, and pronounced it reasonable; offered to pay it, or let it run, as we wished; mother and self agreed to let it run.

'*June* 14*th*.—Let it run. *June* 21*st*, Let it run. *June* 28*th*, and the third week, let Master Bundlecum himself run: took his portmanteau with him while mother and self were gone to meeting; left us an affectionate and grateful letter, begging us to crown all our benefits by settling for him his little bills; enclosed to self in particular a lock of his hair; mother in hysterics; landlord of "Dog and Duck" insists on being paid his L.6, 2s. 3d. for value received, or taking the law of us; boatman and family up in the course of afternoon for 19s. due for fishing and pleasuring; ditto Jobber for use of horses; ditto four or five other people. Washerwoman's husband agrees to go to Bristol in pursuit of Mr B., for a consideration; tracked him to his guardian's house near the Docks, who observes that he had washed his hands of him in a pecuniary sense long ago; begs to offer the sincerest regrets, but that this is not the first time, nor the second, by any means, that Master B. has done the like; that he (B.), however, never intends any harm, and in this case, perhaps, imagined that his parent, Mr Bundlecum, senior, of Calcutta, would discharge all obligations, which is far from being likely, Mr B., senior, having already done so twice, positively for the last time; he (guardian), indeed, has still that confidence in Master Bundlecum's real integrity, that he thinks it possible he may right us when he comes into his property, which he will do on attaining his twenty-fifth year; and he (guardian) again wishes most sincerely that we may get it. We are very miserable; ten pounds in hard cash clean gone, and thirty pounds lost, or as good as lost, which we ought to have made in fairness.'

Miss Martha had plentifully interspersed the commencement of the above biography with notes of admiration, but these suddenly ceased; nor could she apparently discover any other symbol to express her subsequent feelings. Here is another extract from the diary, taken at random:

'*July* 1840.—Mr and Mrs Poppet, a young couple, married within the year, took our first floor; Mrs P. exceedingly delicate, and orders dinner from the sofa; does not wish to be distressed by any reference to what is left of yesterday's dinner, or to what is not left; trusts entirely to our feelings of honour, and believes we are persons of respectability, who will repay confidence

of that description: which we are indeed—very much so. Mr P., in his dressing-gown and slippers, reads novels most of the day to Mrs P. in her dressing-gown and slippers; and both of them are much addicted to fruits and cream. They do not see, they say, why half-a-crown a dish should be dear for strawberries (when mother made an apology for that circumstance), and if they had fallen into dishonest hands, or perhaps any other than self and mother's, I believe they might have paid half-a-guinea for a dish cheerfully. Mrs Poppet expects her mother, Mrs Snapshaw, in which case they will take the rooms for two months certain; and I am sure it will be a pleasure to wait upon and do for such a charming family.'

The manuscript is henceforward continued in a different and trembling hand. 'Horrible! mother and self lie awake all night conspiring; but in the morning, when Mrs Snapshaw enters the kitchen, all our determination melts away. We never made a stand against her even for a minute. "Mutton cost twopence a pound at Honeysuckle Cottage more than at the butcher's, does it?" "Soap is fourpence a cake, is it?" "Strawberries are half-a-crown a dish, are they?" Any charge, in short, wherein we have made the least mistake, she is continually picking up and throwing in our faces. The bell rang at breakfast the first morning with quite a different tinkle from that which Mrs Poppet used to give it; and when I went in, all smiling, there sat Mrs Snapshaw, at the head of the table, pointing to the milk, and saying: "Another jug: *not skim*." I knew that there was war for us at once, but I did not know there was defeat and subjugation. At dinner, that very day, when the fish came up, she burst out with: "There are only twelve sprats here; I *bought* fourteen." The way in which she taxed our weekly bills was a thing I should have thought mother never would have consented to. "Sevenpence a sheet you charge for washing, Mrs Kimbo, do you? Now the washerwoman tells *me* that she charges you but threepence-halfpenny;" for she had had the meanness to go and ask that question herself, it seems. Then Mrs Poppet was, as I have hinted, in a delicate situation, and actually got confined in our First Floor. The Dining-room left us, because it was forbidden to practise upon its cornopean; and the Attic was interdicted from walking about with its shoes on. Once in the dead of night she came upon mother and self in bed, and cried out in an awful voice: "The brandy! our bottle is not in the cellaret, Kimbo, and my daughter wants it immediately." Poor mother thought that her final end was come, and would have made all kinds of ridiculous admissions in that belief, if I had not prevented her. I positively believe that we were rather out of pocket than not, so far as food went, before Mrs Snapshaw and her two children left; but Mr and Mrs Poppet were, nevertheless, not half so happy, although living so wickedly cheap. Every inch of candle-end, and every scrap of meat, and every wafer of soap, did she carry away with her in a great hand-basket. "There's a little mustard in the cruetstand, Martha, which you may tell your mother she can keep for my sake," were Mrs Snapshaw's parting words, and I positively durst not answer them.' This last piece of biography was much interspersed by horizontal straight lines of amazing thickness, but there was no expression of open disapproval; it seemed as if the authoress had doubted whether the boudoir and the diary itself were safe from the investigation of her terrible foe.

'*August* 1850.—Five young university men and a tutor, seemingly no older than themselves, have taken our whole house. They have a few large books with them, and half-a-dozen boxes of cigars and tobacco, and nearly a hundred pipes. Mother said at once that she never allowed smoking, except in the garden, at which they all of them screeched with laughter, the tutor observing at the same time that she was "a jolly old humbug." They insist upon using the boudoir to read divinity in, and they clean out their pipes with the peacock feathers. They talk about nothing there, so far as I can hear, but beverage and hookah, and Jane is almost worn off her legs in running for beer. They settle their weekly accounts like gentlemen, and complain of nothing, but they have broken all the dining-room ornaments, making what they call "cock shies" of them in the garden. A favourite China mandarin of grandfather's they set up in an apple-tree, saying he was Jupiter or something, and then they fired at him with an air-gun. They call Jane "the Marchioness," and me only "Sophonisba," which is at once ridiculous and inappropriate. Not above three are ever in at dinner-time, so that there is continual cooking, but they are easily pleased. One day, when they had all gone out, mother and I had a good clean up of their rooms, and thinking to do them a kindness, we took all their nasty, dirty, short, blackened pipes we could find, and left in their place nearly sixpenny worth of beautiful clean new ones. "What a nice surprise," said mother, "it will be for them, and a very thoughtful act on our part they will esteem it." But, dear me, they kicked up such a dust about it as never was; some of them swearing, and especially the tutor, because of the time they had lost in "colouring" them; and some groping about in the ash-hole for the bowls and broken pieces, many of which they afterwards got riveted together with silver, and smoked again. We got indicted by Mrs Hawk next door—who is wild with envy at the gentlemen being so comfortable and staying so long with us—for having a disorderly house; and certainly the young men, keeping up a chorus until two or three in the morning, must be rather aggravating to those who don't get paid for listening to it. Three cats belonging to neighbours, of whose tale we shall never see the end, fell victims to the air-gun, and were buried by torch-light under the apple-tree by four of the party, attired in our best sheets, the tutor firing father's blunderbuss out of window every half-minute. All these things were taken ill, and have given our lodgings a bad name; and the smell of smoke pervading every room after the reading-party left, kept quiet old ladies and such like out of the house for months.'

Notes of admiration besprinkle the above very freely, and small round *o*'s, with notes of interrogation, as though mother and self doubted of the party's sanity, tutor and all.

'*September* 1855.—Mr Sutas took lodgings with us for a week certain—a short, stout gentleman, exceedingly shy. Mother waited upon him—as she usually does upon the Dining-room—and he expressed himself as satisfied.

"But, Mrs Kimbo," said he, "I observed a young person about the house on my arrival, I am afraid, did I not?"

"My daughter, sir, perhaps."

"Very well," returned Mr Sutas; "let me never so much as catch sight of that young person's face: let nobody under fifty years of age presume to enter my apartment under any pretence whatever; that is my sole stipulation, but that stipulation is indispensable."

'After the first week, during which he had given us great satisfaction, he again addressed my mother: "Mrs Kimbo, I have again seen that young person, your daughter's face, and it pleases me!!! [The notes are Miss Martha's own, but I beg to acquiesce in them.] I wish to be attended by her exclusively, and from no other hand will I receive my food." I waited upon him therefore for some time, during which he did nothing but stare fixedly without remark. One morning, however, he observed that he could certainly not breakfast any longer with his table in so uncomfortable a position; he wished it to be placed in the centre of the room. I moved it thither: no, it must be at the

east window. I moved it as directed: no, it must have a decidedly north aspect. I moved it again: no, he could not touch a single morsel, unless he had his back to the wall. At length, and after spending an hour in table-turning, when I had placed it exactly where it had originally stood, Mr Sutas expressed himself as satisfied, and presently assured me that he had never enjoyed a meal so thoroughly. On another occasion, he demanded that the head of our favourite black cat should be delivered up to him: the animal had met him on the stairs, and deliberately looked at him, which he averred was a most dire foreboding. When the First Floor happened one day to be unusually merry, he bade me go up with his kindest regards, and bring him word what they were laughing about; and at another time he terrified a young gentleman of that party to extremity, by threatening to hang him over the lintel of the door, if he should venture to whistle again. He got very troublesome towards last, and mother was the only person who could manage him. She exercised quite a parental influence, and often reduced him even to tears. There was a good deal of fuss about this, and some envious people called her "Kimbo the keeper;" just as if dear Mr Sutas was mad: even his mode of departure, they said, was a proof of it—as though people of fortune might not travel as they liked—because he had always averred that carriage-exercise shook him to pieces—and yet went away in a spring-cart with four horses, and blowing a horn.'

There are many other biographies, of equal if not greater interest in Miss Martha's diary, which would have made out Mrs Kimbo's case perhaps better, and bear something more of a refutation of the charges brought against her class; but at the termination of the volume I came upon some statements, interspersed with horizontal lines, which, I could not conceal from myself, referred to me. From that instant I determined to perform my duty as an upright critic, rather than as an editor with a partial leaning; and if my private opinion is desired, I pity Mr Sutas, I admire Bundlecum, and I positively revere Mr Poppet's mother-in-law.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

GERMAN YEAST.

This kind of yeast has become an important article of importation, and continues to make rapid progress as such, without appearing to draw the attention of speculators in this country towards its home manufacture. The fact is the more extraordinary that this substance does not keep long enough to render it a safe importation: when a slight detention at sea, for instance, occurs, the cargo heats so rapidly that it is sometimes necessary to throw it overboard. The same peculiarity prevents its diffusion much further than the districts into which it is brought from abroad, as the expense of railway carriage for any considerable distance would be too great; and thus, while 'all Yorkshire,' as we are informed, uses it, supplied by Hull, and the counties around the metropolis are equally favoured by London, other important parts of the country are cut off from the advantage. Leeds consumes eight tons a week, and Bradford five, at 8d. per pound; but in Scotland its use is greatly restricted.

German yeast appears to be nothing more than common distillery yeast, freed by a certain process from its impurities, and more especially from the acidity which has frequently a detrimental effect upon bread. A correspondent has been so obliging as to send us the details of this process, which he obtained through inquiries made in the *south* of Germany, where the manufacturers had not the same interest as their brethren in the north in preserving the secret. We now present it to our readers, in the hope that the experiment will be extensively tried in this country, where the numerous whisky distilleries offer facilities for almost everybody to obtain the best possible yeast at his own door.

'Take brewery, or, by preference, distillery yeast,' says our informant, 'and filter this through a muslin or silk sieve, into a tub or vat containing about four or five times the quantity of soft or cold spring water. The water must be as cold as possible, and in summer, ice should be dissolved in it. As soon as the liquid yeast comes into the water, the whole must be well stirred up—in preference with a broom—until thoroughly mixed, and it has a good foam or light head; then leave it until quite settled and the water becomes clear; then draw the surface-water gently off, so as not to disturb the settled substance.

'The tub should have cocks at different heights, to allow the water to be drawn off gently by opening the highest first. This done, you again pump the tub full of cold water, and stir it up again: let it settle, and draw off as before; and repeat this operation until the water becomes tasteless and clear—that is, till the water has cleansed the yeast of all its bitterness.

'Then add to the settled substance, for every twelve gallons of yeast employed at the commencement, half an ounce of carbonate of ammonia, and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda, previously dissolved in a pint of cold water: mix this liquid with the purified yeast, and leave it in this state for the night, or twelve or fourteen hours.

'Then pump cold water again into your tub, stir it well up as before, and when settled, draw it off, which concludes the purifying process.

'This done, the yeast in its settled state must be emptied into a clean linen bag, tied up, and placed between two boards large enough to cover the bag, so as to press the liquid substance out, which must be done as gently as possible, till the substance is gradually freed from water, and resembles bread-paste or dough, which can then be formed to size and weight as needed. In Austria, the weight is something near one pound when dry, in square forms, and about one inch thick.

'The whole process should be conducted in a very cool place; and when once the pressed yeast has become partially dry, it should be kept in a cold place, as otherwise the yeasting process will begin; whereas, kept in a cold place, it will keep for from eight to ten days in summer, and from ten to fifteen in winter, but not longer in Austria.'

BOG-BUTTER.

We have all read about manna, and bread-fruit, and vegetable wax and tallow, and edible birds' nests, but only a few have read about bog-butter. Nine-tenths of the community would be puzzled to tell you what it means. Let us see if we cannot make it the subject of a few minutes' reading.

For a beginning, we go back to the year when the nation mourned the death of Mary, consort of William III. In November 1695, a resident at Kilkenny, writing to a friend of his, says, among other matters: 'We have had of late, in the county of Limerick and Tipperary, showers of a sort of matter like butter or grease; if one rub it upon one's hand, it will melt, but lay it by the fire, and it dries and grows hard, having a very nasty smell. And this last night some fell at this place, which I did see myself this morning. It is gathered into pots and other vessels by some of the inhabitants of this place.'

This passage is published in the *Philosophical Transactions* of the Royal Society; and with it an extract from a letter written by the Bishop of Cloyne in April of the following year, in which the worthy

churchman remarks: 'For a good part of last winter and spring, there fell in several places a kind of thick dew, which the country-people called *butter*, from the consistency and colour of it, being soft, clammy, and of a dark yellow. It fell always in the night, and chiefly in moorish, low grounds, on the top of the grass, and often on the thatch of cabins. 'Twas seldom observed in the same places twice: it commonly lay on the earth for near a fortnight without changing its colour, but then dried and turned black. Cattle fed in the fields where it lay, indifferently, as in other fields. It fell in lumps, often as big as the end of one's finger, very thin and scatteringly; it had a strong, ill scent, somewhat like the smell of church-yards or graves: and indeed we had, during most of that season, very evil-smelling fogs, some sediment of which might possibly occasion this dew; though I will by no means pretend to offer that a reason of it. I cannot find that it was kept long, or that it bred any worms or insects; yet the superstitious country-people who had scald or sore heads, rubbed them with this substance, and said *it healed them*.'

The good bishop is cautious in his 'reason.' He tells us the butter 'fell;' but perhaps this was only a figure of speech, as we say the dew *falls*. It has long been known that a species of tallow can be extracted from bogs; and it may be that the lumps had other origin than the atmosphere. But leaving this phenomenon, let us look at something that is more immediately connected with the subject.

In 1736, there was dug up somewhere in Finland a singular mass, which was called 'mineral tallow.' The learned and curious were greatly puzzled to account for it, and put forth their theories. In 1817, another mass, weighing twenty-three pounds, was discovered in a bog on the Galtee Mountains in Ireland—another puzzle. What did it mean, coming upon a substance that resembled butter or tallow, in such a place? Three years later, another find occurred on the borders of Loch Fyne in Scotland; and in 1826, still another in Ireland, in a bog near Ballinasloe. This latter weighed twenty-one pounds, and was presented to the Royal Dublin Society, and described in their *Proceedings*. Since then, many more specimens have been found: some are in the museum of the Royal Irish Academy, and others in private hands. Some of these have been carefully analysed; and they all give up those peculiar oily acids which are found in butter.

In these cases, the explanation is easier than in that of the bishop's clammy dew. Mr Wilde states, as reported in the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, that it was the practice formerly among the Irish to bury their butter, probably with a view to its preservation. Some of the old writers allude to it, and the Irish Hudibras mentions

> Butter to eat with their hog,
> Was seven years buried in a bog.

All the specimens found present the same physical and chemical character—'a hard yellowish white substance, like old stilton cheese, and in taste resembling spermaceti—it is, in fact, changed into the animal substance denominated *adipocere*.' And most of them have been met with in old solid bogs, at a depth of ten or twelve feet. They are nearly always enclosed in wood, some in long firkins of small diameter, others in receivers scooped from a single block. Whether they were deposited near the surface, and have since sunk, or the bog has grown over them, are questions to which Irish savans are trying to find an answer. Mr Wilde suggests as a clue 'that when the common fosses of Paris, into which a great number of bodies had been thrown in 1793, were opened a few years ago, it was found that the substance into which they had been converted was an *adipocere*, somewhat resembling this bog-butter.'

In the analyses, no traces of salt have been discovered; and it appears to have been the custom to make the butter without salt in former times, and eat it only when it became rancid or sour; and these qualities would be developed by the burial. An old book of travels in Iceland states that the peasantry used to eat sour butter, and that each bishop's see had a public store, in which the butter was kept against years of scarcity.

In Debe's *Description of the Faröe Isles* (1670) there is a passage bearing on this curious subject, which we quote by way of conclusion. The natives had what they called 'rue tallow,' or 'preserved tallow,' obtained from the carcasses of sheep. It was, after the process of rendering, cast into large lumps, and then, says the writer, 'they dig and put it in moist earth to keep it—it growing the better the longer it is kept—and when it is old, and is cut, it tasteth like old cheese. The most able peasants have ever much endeavoured to bring together a great quantity of that tallow, so that a countryman had sometimes in the tallow-dike—that is, a place in the earth where it is kept—above 100 loads, and this hath always been looked upon as the greatest riches of Feröe. For when sheep dye, such tallow is very necessary in the land, the longer it is kept being so much the better; and forreign pyrates having little desire to rob it from them. It may, therefore, not unreasonably be termed a hidden treasure which rust doth not consume, nor thieves steal away.'

THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT MARINER'S FIRST LOVE.

Sir John Ross, the well-known navigator, is dead. He lived to be nearly eighty years of age; and within the last five months, I heard him tell the story of his first love. Thus it came about. We were wont to meet him at the house of a mutual friend, where he was always a welcome guest; came and went as he listed, and had his hammock swung in a chamber where the temperature suited him best; for he loved a cold clear atmosphere. In a word, he was the centre of as charming a household group as shall be seen any day in the great metropolis. Blooming faces shone upon him, merry songs greeted him as he took his place beside the cheery hearth in those cold evenings in spring. One bright-haired creature with rosy lips claimed him ever as her own, seated him beside her on the velvet couch, called him 'her dear boy,' which delighted the ancient mariner beyond all things, and at last drew from him the tale referred to.

I had been reminding him of a very old friend now dead, and of whom he had heard nothing for many years: as I spoke, a tide of early recollections swept up and filled the old man's eyes with tears. 'Ah!' said he, 'he was a very kind friend to me; we had been schoolmates, and then we went to sea together. After a while we parted, and I entered the royal navy; when I next saw O——, I was commander on board the ——. He was on the quay at Greenock when I sailed in, and little thought that the vessel carrying a royal pennant was commanded by Johnnie Ross. I landed and went up to him with a man who knew us both.

"O——," said the latter, "do you remember little Johnnie Ross?"

"Well," answered O——; "and a precious little scamp he was!"

'On this,' observed Sir John, 'we shook hands, and renewed our acquaintance, and I had reason to be glad of it; for,' he repeated, 'O—— was very kind to me.'

'Now about Margaret,' said the bonny creature beside him.

'Ah! she was a noble girl! When I first knew her she was ten, and I about twelve years old. We used to walk home together from the school, and at first were very happy; but before long the children began to watch us, and we were obliged to make signs to one another about meeting. I mind well how shamefaced we were when the others caught us making signals before breaking up; and one day the master saw us, and it was on that occasion Margaret shewed such spirit and courage as made me never forget her.'

'I had got out of school,' he continued, after a short pause, 'and was waiting for her, never heeding the children laughing at me, as I stood watching for the sight of her bonny face, for she was very fair.' I can by no means describe the pathos of the old man's tone as he said this. 'When I began to think she was in trouble, and "kept in," I hid myself till the place was clear of ither folk, and then I creepit round and keeked in at the window of a side-room where scholars in disgrace were put sometimes. Poor Margaret was indeed there, sitting upon a box, very forlorn, and crying bitterly. She brightened up at seeing my face in the window-pane, and smiled when I told her I had been waiting for her. Then I declared I would be revenged on our hard master, and went at once to the school-room to carry out my plan: this was easy, for there was no one there.

'Just over the master's desk was a shelf, on which stood a large ink-bottle, and near to this again was the hat with which the dominie always crowned himself when he assumed the seat of authority. I mounted the desk, took a piece of string from my pocket, tied the ink-jar and hat together, then, descending from my perch, left the room, and ran round again to the side-window to prepare Margaret for the result of my device. Then I ran home to dinner, and returned to school in the afternoon.

'I was late. All the children were in the room; and at the master's desk stood Margaret, with scarlet cheeks but triumphant eyes, just receiving the last blow of the leather strap on her open hand. The punishment of my mischievous revenge had been visited upon her. Streams of ink discoloured the master's face; and books and desk, on which last lay the broken ink-jar, were saturated with it. The master himself was furious; and the more so that Margaret had borne the infliction like a heroine, in perfect silence, resolutely refusing to give up the name of the delinquent, whose accomplice she was accused of being. She looked at me as she moved defiantly away, and the expression of her eye warned me not to speak. It was indeed too late. I hurried from the room before I was observed; Margaret walked proudly after me; and for the last time we took our way home together from the school.'

I cannot do justice to this story as told by the old navigator. Nearly seventy years had passed away, and yet the memory of his child-love was still the green spot in his heart. The pathos, too, was enhanced by the Scottish accent, which dignified, so to speak, a little history, that finely illustrates the exquisite poem *Jeanie Morison*—

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
  I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
  Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
  Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins
  The luve o' life's young day.

He said all this, and much more than I can do justice to. The whole picture of the twa bairns—'twa bairns and but *ae* heart'—rose before me, as, blushing, frightened, and silent, they 'cleekit thegither hame' after school.

'Twas then we luvit each ither weel,
  'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time, sad time, twa bairns at schule,
  Twa bairns and but ae heart.

* * * *

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet—
  When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touching cheek, loof locked in loof,
  What our wee hearts could think!
Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
  Our cheeks burnt red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule weans laughing said
  We cleeked thegither hame!

I saw thir twa bairns with their heads bent o'er ae braid page, with one book between them, the girl intent upon the lesson, the boy's lesson in that fair child's eyes—

Thy look was on thy lesson,
But—my lesson was in thee!

I quote from memory, and have not seen the poem for years; but the whole seemed to come back to me as I listened to this simple history from the lips of the ancient mariner.

He and Margaret met but twice afterwards. He dwelt most on the first of these meetings. 'I was travelling,' he said, 'in Scotland, when the coach stopped to take up a passenger. The moment the door opened, *I knew her at once*, but—she didna remember me;' he sighed as he said this. 'Then,' he continued, 'I told her who I was, and reminded her of old times, thirty years before, and of that story of the ink-bottle and the beating she had got for my sake. *She* had almost forgotten it, but *I never had*.' Margaret, the mother of a large family, is now an aged woman, and probably thought little of Johnnie Ross after parting with him in childhood; while he, literally voyaging from pole to pole, and having but a passing glimpse of her from time to time, may be said to have carried the memory of his child-love to his grave.

Among other pleasant records of my life will rest the memory of 'many an ancient story,' told in his eightieth year, by Sir John Ross. Some modern ones there were, too, in which pathos and bathos were exquisitely blended. There was one of the discovery at sea, by the *Isabella*, of himself and his shipmates. He had once commanded this ship, and he knew her immediately, half blind with weakness and starvation as he was; and there was another of his meeting in London with his son, who, through good report and evil report, had 'never given him up.' These might find a place in these pages, but that I think it would be unfair to trench upon the domain of whomsoever shall be selected as editor of the autobiography which Sir John was occupied in compiling up to the last few weeks of his eventful life.

INFLUENCE OF OCCUPATION ON HEALTH.

[This brief paper is an abstract of an excellent lecture on the subject, forming one of a miscellaneous series, entitled *Lectures to Ladies on Practical Subjects* (Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1855). These lectures were delivered at the Working-men's College in London, by a group of men each highly accomplished in his particular subject; and we scarcely know a volume containing more sterling good sense or a finer expression of modern intelligence on social subjects. The particular lecture here condensed was by Dr Chambers, physician to St Mary's Hospital.]

It is a mistake to think that the ill-health found in so many trades is a component part of them, or that those engaged in one occupation must necessarily be shorter-lived, or suffer more physically, than those of another. If we inquire closely into the matter, we shall find that every single instance of ill-health arising from the different trades may be fully accounted for by some breach of the simple laws of nature, and that the evils are capable of a remedy so cheap and attainable, that it would be impossible for

them to add appreciably to the expense of the article produced; so that, by preventing the sickness of the artisan, it would be the greatest saving to the masters, and to society at large.

Printers engaged in composing by gas-light, as is required in the short days of winter, sometimes have their vision injured—a very natural consequence of standing with the gas flickering naked just over the head, and in front of the workman. The eye thus receives a blaze of light thrown directly upon it, which it does not want, and which blinds it so much, that the blaze must be increased in order to illuminate the form at which the compositor works. It seems almost incredible that a man should lose his eyesight for the want of a sixpenny gas-lamp, or a penny shade, to keep the glare off his brow, and throw it on to his work. This, indeed, seems monstrous; yet such is the case; for on inquiry at some of the principal printing-offices where such appliances are used, it is found that none of their compositors suffer from eye-complaints. Needlewomen's eyes suffer very often, too, from *gutta serena*—that is, a loss of sensibility in the optic nerve, from overstrained use in feeble persons. The cause of the needlewoman's malady is too obvious. It is well known that in all great milliners' establishments it is a rule that all light-coloured work shall be done during the day, and that dark or black work shall be done after dark. They find that, from bad ventilation, the droughtiness and closeness of the rooms, and ignorant mode of illumination, the fireplaces, or candles, or gas will smoke, smuts fly about, and soil the light-coloured fabrics; while, on the other hand, instead of removing the obstacle, by getting better ventilation and better lighting, the employers insist upon those dark colours alone being exposed to the dirt, where no great harm is done by a little stain. By the simplest rules of ventilation, the milliners' eyes and health might be preserved, and they might also be enabled to work light-tinted fabrics by night.

I do not here allude to the evil effects of overwork; that is too long a question to enter into now; but you must draw a distinction between that and *unhealthy sorts of work*. Watchmakers, jewellers, grinders, sculptors, masons, stone-breakers, &c., are liable to suffer from affection of the eyes. But there is a remedy perfectly simple for all of these. Why should a person ever break stones without a pair of wire-spectacles, that may be got for sixpence? or masons and sculptors the same? Those who are liable to get grains of metal into the eye—as jewellers, railway guards, grinders, and the like—why not have a syringe at hand, and a little water, to wash the lids? The harm of *dusty trades*, from which millers often suffer, may always be prevented by a thorough draught of air. And there are many ways of arresting the evils of iron dust, and preventing it from blocking up the lungs. The diseases prevalent among bootmakers and tailors might often be avoided or remedied by a very slight observance of the laws of nature! The former might keep their health very well, if they would give up the foolish habit of pressing the boot-tree against the pit of the stomach, and adopt instead a similar contrivance to the admirable one invented by Mr Sparkes Hall, bootmaker in Regent Street, of an upright bench at which a man can either stand or sit at his work without pressing the boot-tree against his body. And the tailor, with a very little perseverance, might learn to use one of the many tables that have been designed for his use, without ruining his digestion by assuming the constrained position of crossing his legs, and resting his heavy work upon his knees. Every remedy is in itself simple; and it does not require any great depth of learning or study to acquire the necessary knowledge. A true insight into the elementary laws of life, so as to know correctly what living, breathing, feeling, perspiring, moving, eating, drinking, resting, sleeping, really are, so far as is at present known, is all that is required.

I do not mean, when I speak of elementary knowledge, that it needs be superficial; sound elementary knowledge is the furthest removed from superficial of any that can be communicated. Indeed, the more perfect and further advanced a science is, the more capable it is of having its first and most valuable principles imparted in an elementary easy form.

I am sure that the comprehension of the main organic principles of animal being—the science called physiology—may be placed in the power of all. When once cast into a form capable of being imparted as a part of education, there is no reason why physiology should not stand on the same footing as reading, arithmetic, and grammar. I fear that unless we make more general a knowledge of physiology—of health and disease—very little good can be done by merely philanthropic interference. Ignorance in the interferer and interfered with will always weaken such efforts, and the well-intended energy will be wasted. But first acquire a correct notion of the first principles of this science, and your daily life will continuously add the details of further knowledge; and rules of health, which now, if they seem merely disconnected opinions, will end in seeming a matter of course, from being united in one universally applicable law of common sense.

THE LAST FOOTFALL.

THERE is often sadness in the tone,
And a moisture in the eye,
And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
When we bid a last good-bye.
But sadder far than this, I ween,
O sadder far than all,
Is the heart-throb with which we strain
To catch the last footfall.

The last press of a loving hand
Will cause a thrill of pain,
When we think, 'Oh, should it prove that we
Shall never meet again.'
And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
The hot, quick drops will fall;
But bitterer are the tears we shed
When we hear the last footfall.

We never felt how dear to us
Was the sound we loved full well,
We never knew *how* musical,
Till its last echo fell;
And till we heard it pass away
Far, far beyond recall,
We never thought what grief 'twould be
To hear that last footfall.

And the years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that *seemed* forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as nought,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

A. H.

HOW TO UTILISE MUSEUMS.

An observation lately made by Professor Tennant is worth repeating, from the very simplicity, but obvious utility of the suggestion. He observed that the labels in our museums were not sufficiently communicative. It is not enough that the name of a mineral is given; its composition, colour, hardness, specific gravity, and other qualities might be written on a label with as much ease as the name. This might, of course, be applied to other things with equal profit for aiding popular instruction. Looking at collections is too often like reading the titles of a library of books; it would be very different if each specimen was ticketed with an epitome of its own history. The Ipswich Museum, of which Professor Henslow is the president, is, we understand, a model of what such an institution ought to be, for teaching the natural sciences.

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